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The Runaways



24 0 3

Chapter 1 by PsychoPanda

I couldn't believe it. My friend and I had finally run away from the true cruelty of the real world. We were out here with nothing but our own sets of clothes, little food, and hunting supplies. Our families would be relentless looking for us but I would make sure they would never find us. Otherwise we would be beaten in front of the public or an execution. I shuddered at the memories that passed through my mind at that one word. Execution. Suddenly my companion screamed and I looked over and saw a nest of yellow jackets right in front of me, centimeters from my face.

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